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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Troublesome Reign of

John, King of England

Part II. 1591

Date of the first known edition, ... 1591

[*Trin. Coll., Cambridge. Capell Collection.*]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Troublesome Reign of

John, King of England

Part II. 1591

[*For Introduction see Part* I.]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

Cm.

The Troublesome Reign of
John, King of England.

1591

The original of this facsimile is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. So far as is known the examples both of Parts I *and* II *are unique. Other issues were dated* 1611 *and* 1622, *but in these the plays were grouped together, the signatures of Parts* I *and* II *running from A.—M* 2 *in fours, M* 2 *blank; in the present earlier editions each part is separately signed, and so, presumably, they were independently issued.*

The edition of 1611 *bore on its title-page "Written by W. Sh."; that of* 1622 *was inscribed "Written by W. Shakespeare." Shakespeare's play of "King John"* (1595), *though following the succession of incidents in the present drama pretty closely, owes little to its dialogue.*

Subscribers are indebted to the courtesy of the authorities of Trinity College, Cambridge, for the present facsimile.

Comparison of this facsimile with the original, says Mr. R. B. Fleming, shows the reproduction to be of "the average excellent standard except A 2 *of Part* I."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE Second part of the troublesome Raigne of King *Iohn, conteining the death* of Arthur Plantaginet, the landing of Lewes, and the poysning of King Iohn at Swinstead *Abbey.*

As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of London.

TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY CAMBRIDGE

Imprinted at London for *Sampson Clarke, and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe-side of the Royall Exchange.*

1591.

To the Gentlmen Readers.

THe changeles purpose of determinde Fate
Gines period to our care, or harts content,
When heauens fixt time for this or that hath end:
Nor can earths pomp or policie preuent
The doome ordained in their secret will.
Gentles we left King Iohn *repleate with blisse*
That Arthur *liude, whom he supposed slaine;*
And Hubert *posting to returne those Lords,*
Who deemd him dead, and parted discontent:
Arthur *himselfe begins our latter Act,*
Our Act of outrage, desprate furie, death;
Wherein fond rashnes murdreth first a Prince,
And Monkish falsnes poysneth last a King.
First Scene shews Arthurs *death in infancie,*
And last concludes Iohns *fatall tragedie.*

The second part of the troublesome Raigne of King Iohn, containing the entraunce of Lewes the French Kings sonne: with the poysoning of King Iohn by a Monke.

Enter yong *Arthur* on the walls.

NOw helpe good hap to further mine entent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extreames:
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins dissuade the strength of my resolue,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next:
Better desist, and liue in prison still.
Prison said I: nay rather death than so:
Comfort and courage come againe to me.
Ile venter sure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from his traunce, speakes thus;

Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me speake with her.
Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore *Arthur*, I am here alone.
Why cald I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath kilde my Mothers Sonne.
How will she weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God my bones are burst.

Sweete Iesu saue my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,
Comfort my Mother, shield her from despaire,
When she shall heare my tragick ouerthrowe.
My heart controules the office of my tong,
My vitall powers forsake my bruised trunck,
I dye I dye, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And Lady Mother all good hap to thee. He dyes.

Enter *Penbrooke, Salsburie, Essex.*

Essex My Lords of *Penbroke* and of *Salsbury*
We must be carefull in our pollicie
To vndermine the keepers of this place,
Else shall we neuer find the Princes graue.
Penbrooke My Lord of *Essex* take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not closely done.
But who is this? Lo Lords the withered flowre
Who in his life shinde like the Mornings blush,
Call out a dowre, deuide his buriall right,
A pray for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.
Salsburie O ruthfull spectacle, O damned deede;
My sinnewes shake, my very heart doth bleede.
Essex Leaue childish teares braue Lords of *England*,
If waterflowds could fetch his life againe,
My eyes should conduit forth a sea of teares.
If sobbs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the turne,
My heart should volie out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootlesse wert to breath as many sighes
As might eclipse the brightest Sommers sunne,
Heere rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.
Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres.
Giue hand and hart, and Englishmen to armes,
Tis Gods decree to weake vs of these harmes,
Penbrok. The best aduise: But who commes posting heere.

Enter

Enter *Hughbert.*

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,
The King intreates your sweetest speed
To visit him, who on your present want,
Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe and me.
For executing of his strict commaund.
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assurde him of his cousins being safe,
Whome pittie would not let me doo to death;
He craues your company my Lords in haste,
To whome I will conduct young *Arthur* streight,
Who is in health vnder my custodie.

Essex In health base villaine, wert not I leaue thy crime
To Gods reuenge, to whome reuenge belongs,
Heere shouldst thou perish on my Rapires point,
Calst thou this health? such health betide thy friends,
And all that are of thy condition.

Hughbert My Lords, but heare me speake, & kill me then,
If heere I left not this young Prince alive,
Maugre the hasty Edict of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this howre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earnest loue,
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.

Salf. Hence traytor hence thy counsel is heereein. Exit *Hughb.*
Some in this place appointed by the King
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully colde.

Essex How say you Lords, shall we with speed dispatch
Vnder our hands a packet into *Fraunce*
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force
To claime the Kingdome for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto,
Besides the Pope, on perill of his curse,

Hath

Hath bard vs of obedience vnto *Iohn*,
This hatefull murder, *Lewes* his true discent,
The holy charge that wee receiude from *Rome*,
Are weightie reasons if you like my reede,
To make vs all perseuer in this deede.

Pembrooke My Lord of *Essex*, well haue you aduiso,
I will accord to further you in this.

Salsbury And *Salsbury* will not gainsay the same.
But aid that course as far forth as he can.

Essex Then each of vs send straight to his Allyes.
To winne them to this famous enterprise,
And let vs all yclad in Palmers weede,
The tenth of Apyil at Saint *Edmonds Bury*
Meete to confer, and on the Altar there
Sweare secrecie and aid to this aduise.
Meane while let vs conueigh this body hence,
And giue him buriall as befits his state,
Keeping his months minde and his obsequies
With solemne intercession for his soule.
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?

Pembrooke The tenth of Apyill at Saint *Edmonds Bury*
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex Then let vs all conuey the body hence. Exeunt.

Enter King *Iohn* with two or three and the Prophet.

Iohn Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange Prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That euery obiect these mine eyes behold
Séeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
The prodigies this prattling Prophet threates.
Tis come indeede: ah were it fully past,
Then were I careles of a thousand feares.

The Diall tells me, it is twelue at noone.
Were twelue at midnight past, then might I haunt
False seers prophecies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remoue the Sunne from our Meridian,
Unto the moonsted circle of thantipodes,
As turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen,
Then *Iohn* the date of fatall prophecies
Should with the Prophets life together end.
But *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.*
Peter, vnsay thy foolish doting dreame,
And by the Crowne of *England* heere I sweare,
To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

Peter King *Iohn*, although the time I haue prescribed
Be but twelue houres remaynng yet behinde,
Yet do I know by inspiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King *Iohn* shall not be King as heretofore.

Iohn Vain buzzard, what mischaunce can chaunce so sone
To set a King beside his regall seate:
My heart is good, my body passing strong,
My land in peace, my enemies subdewd,
Only my Barons storme at *Arthurs* death,
But *Arthur* liues, I there the challenge growes,
Were he dispatcht vnto his longest home,
Then were the King secure of thousand foes.
Hubert what news with thee, where are my Lords?

Hubert Hard newes my Lord, *Arthur* the louely Prince
Seeking to escape ouer the Castle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the cursed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your Barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite.

Iohn Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more words
hang the Prophet.
Away with *Peter*, villen out of my sight,
I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word.

Now *Iohn*, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltlesse of his death.
Swæte Youth, but that I striued for a Crowne,
I could haue well affoorded to thine age
Long life, and happines to thy content.

Enter the Bastard.

Iohn Philip, what newes with thee?
Bastard The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wisht like fortune to befall vs all:
And with that word, the rope his latest friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.
Iohn There let him hang, and be the Rauens food,
While *Iohn* triumphs in spight of Prophecies.
But whats the tidings from the Popelings now.
What say the Monkes and Priests to our proceedings?
Or wheres the Barons that so sodainly
Did leaue the King vpon a false surmise?
Bastard The Prelates storme & thirst for sharpe reuenge
But please your Maiestie, were that the worst,
It little skild: a greater danger growes,
Which must be weeded out by carefull speede,
Or all is lost, for all is leueld at.
Iohn More frights and feares, what ere thy tidings be,
I am preparde: then *Philip* quickly say,
Meane they to murder, or imprison me,
To giue my crowne away to *Rome* or *Fraunce*;
Or will they each of them become a King?
Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.
Bastard Not worse my Lord, but euerie whit as bad.
The Nobles haue elected *Lewes* King,
In right of Ladie *Blanche* your Neece, his Wife:
His landing is expected euery houer,
The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Estates,
Incited chiefely by the *Cardinall*,

Pandulph

Pandulph that lie[illegible]re Legate for the Pope,
Thinks long to see their new elected King.
And for vndoubted proofe, see here my Liege
Letters to me from your Nobilitie,
To be a partie in this action:
Who vnder show of fained holines,
Appoynt their meeting at *S. Edmonds Bury*,
There to consult, conspire, and conclude
The ouerthrow and downfall of your State.
Iohn Why so it must be: one hower of content
Pateht with a mouth of passionate effects.
Why shines the Sunne to fauour this consort?
Why doo the windes not breake their brazen gates,
And scatter all these periurd complices,
With all their counsells and their damned drifts.
But see the welkin rolleth gently on,
Theres not a lowring clowde to frowne on them;
The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all
Conspire with those confederates my decay.
Then hell for me if any power be there,
Forsake that place, and guide me stepby step
To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps
These traitors: oh that name is too good for them,
And death is easie: is there nothing worse
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?
What saist thou *Philip*? why assists thou not,
Bastard These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season:
Help must descend from heauen against this treason?
Iohn Nay thou wilt prooue a traitor with the rest,
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.
Bastard I would be loath to leaue your Highnes thus,
Yet you command, and I though grieud will goe.
Iohn Ah *Philip* whether gorst thou, come againe. (man.
Bastard My Lord these motions are as passions of a mad
Iohn A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
My hart is mazd, my senses all foredone.

And *Iohn* of *England* now is quite vndone.
Was euer King as I oppreſt with cares?
Dame *Elianor* my noble Mother Quéene,
My onely hope and comfort in diſtreſſe,
Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the Pope,
All Churches curſt, their doores are ſealed vp,
And for the pleaſure of the Romiſh Prieſt,
The ſeruice of the Higheſt is neglected;
The multitude (a beaſt of many heads)
Do wiſh confuſion to their Soueraigne;
The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
Aſſemble powers to beat mine Empire downe,
And more than this, elect a forren King.
O *England*, wert thou euer miſerable,
King *Iohn* of *England* ſees thée miſerable:
Iohn, tis thy ſinnes that makes it miſerable.
Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achiui.
Philip, as thou haſt euer loude thy King,
So ſhow it now: poſt to S. *Edmonds Bury*,
Diſſemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their diuelliſh plots, and damnd deuices.
Though *Iohn* be faultie, yet let ſubiects beare,
He will amend and right the peoples wrongs.
A Mother though ſhe were vnnaturall,
Is better than the kindeſt Stepdame is:
Let neuer Engliſhman truſt forreine rule.
Then *Philip* ſhew thy fealtie to thy King,
And mongſt the Nobles plead thou for the King.
Baſtard I goe my Lord: ſée how he is diſtraught,
This is the curſed Prieſt of *Italy*
Hath heapt theſe miſchiefes on this hapleſſe Land.
Now *Philip*, haſt thou *Tullyes* eloquence,
Then mightſt thou hope to plead with good ſucceſſe. Exit.
Iohn And art thou gone? ſucceſſe may follow thee:
Thus haſt thou ſhewd thy kindnes to thy King.

Sirra,

Sirra, in haſt goe greete the Cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope.
Say that the King deſires to ſpeake with him.
Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maſt reſolue:
And if thou wilt continue *Englands* King,
Then caſt about to keepe thy Diadem;
For life and land, and all is leueld at.
The Pope of *Rome*, tis he that is the cauſe,
He curſeth thee, he ſets thy ſubiects free
From due obedience to their Soueraigne:
He animates the Nobles in their warres,
He giues away the Crowne to *Philips* Sonne,
And pardons all that ſeeke to murther thee:
And thus blinde zeale is ſtill predominant.
Then *Iohn* there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,
But finely to diſſemble with the Pope:
That hand that gaue the wound muſt giue the ſalue
To cure the hurt, els quite incurable.
Thy ſinnes are farre too great to be the man
T'aboliſh Pope, and Popery from thy Realme:
But in thy Seate, if I may geſſe at all,
A King ſhall raigne that ſhall ſuppreſſe them all.
Peace *Iohn*, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
Diſſemble thou, and whatſoere thou ſaiſt,
Yet with thy heart wiſh their confuſion.

Enter *Pandulph*.

Pand. Now *Iohn*, vnworthie man to breath on earth,
That doſt oppugne againſt thy Mother Church:
Why am I ſent for to thy curſed ſelfe?
Iohn Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
The holy Vicar of S. *Peters* Church,
Vpon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doo ſubmit me to the ſea of *Rome*,
And vow for penaunce of my high offence,

To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,
And cary Armes in holy Christian warres.

Pandulph. No *Iohn*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee:
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curst without redemption.

Iohn Accurst indeede to kneele to such a drudge,
And get no help with thy submission,
Unsheath thy sword, and slay the misprowd Priest
That thus triumphs ore thee a mighty King:
No *Iohn* submit againe dissemble yet,
For Priests and Women must be flattered.
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know
No time to late for sinners to repent,
Absolue me then, and *Iohn* doth sweare to do
The vttermost what euer thou demaundst.

Pandulph Iohn, now I see thy harty penitence,
I rew and pitty thy distrest estate,
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
And only one which I shall shew to thee.
Thou must surrender to the sea of *Rome*
Thy Crowne and Diademe, then shall the Pope
Defend thee from thinuasion of thy foes.
And where his holinesse hath kindled *Fraunce*,
And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
That seeke the discontentment of the King.

Iohn From bad to woorse or I must lose my realme,
Or giue my Crowne for pennance vnto *Rome*?
A miserie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power.
What: shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand:
No: with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
What newes with thee.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Please it your Maiestie, there is descried on the Coast of *Kent* an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of all men is thought to be the French Fleete, vnder the conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the Cuntrie in a mutinie, so they send to your Grace for succour.

K.Iohn How now Lord Cardinall, whats your best aduise,
These mutinies must be allayd in time
By pollicy or headstrong rage at least.
O *Iohn*, these troubles tyre thy wearyed soule,
And like to *Luna* in a sad Eclipse,
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.
Well may it be when Kings are grieued so,
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthrow.

Cardinall K.*Iohn*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This strange annoyance happens to thy land:
But yet be reconcild vnto the Church,
And nothing shall be grieuous to thy state.

Iohn On *Pandulph* be it as thou hast decreed,
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow
My Realme shall florish and my Crowne in peace.

Enter the Nobles, *Penbrooke*, *Essex*, *Chester*, *Bewchampe*, *Clare*, with others.

Penbrooke Now sweet *S.Edmond* holy Saint in heauen,
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteemd on earth,
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts
To prosecute this act of mickle waight,
Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends haue you procurde.

Bewchamp. The L.*Fitz Water*, L.*Percy*, and L.*Rosse*,
Vowd meeting heere this day the leuenth houre.

Essex Vnder the cloke of holie Pilgrimage,

By

By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Phillip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord *Eustace*, *Vescy*, Lord *Cressy*, and Lord *Mowbrey*,
Appoynted meeting at S. *Edmonds* Shrine.
Pembroke Untill their presence ile conceale my tale,
Sweete complices in holie Christian acts,
That venture for the purchase of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolne,
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.
Essex Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
In Pilgrims habit commes our holie troupe
A furlong hence with swift vnwonted pace,
May be they are the persons you expect.
Pembroke With swift vnwonted gate, see what a thing is (zeale,
That spurrs them on with feruence to this Shrine,
Now ioy come to them for their true intent
And in good time heere come the warmen all
That sweate in body by the minds disease
Hap and hartsease braue Lordings be your lot.
Enter the Bastard *Phillip*. &c.
Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauaile in a Christian cause.
Essex Cheerely replied braue braunch of kingly stock,
A right *Plantaginet* should reason so.
But silence Lords, attend our commings cause,
The seruile yoke that payned vs with toyle,
On strong instinct hath framd this conuentickle,
To ease our necks of seruitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
Which of you all so barraine in conceipt,
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
But least Enigmas shadow shining truth
Plainely to paine as truth requires no arte.
Theffect of this resort importeth this,
To roote and cleane extirpate tirant *Iohn*,
Tirant I say, appealing to the man,

If any heere that loues him, and I aske
What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach.
First I inferre the *Chesters* bannishment:
For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes,
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the deuill should be saud,
But this the least of many thousand faults,
That circumstance with leisure might display.
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale
Which now in presence, but for some great cause
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.
But shall I close the period with an acte
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men,
His Cosens death, that sweet vnguilty childe,
Untimely butchered by the tyrants meanes,
Heere is my proofes as cleere as graueill brooke,
And on the same I further must inferre,
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To show the which, is yet to be described.
My Lord of *Penbrooke* shew what is behinde,
Only I say that were there nothing else
To moue vs but the Popes most dreadfull curse,
Whereof we are assured if we fayle,
It were inough to instigate vs all
With earnestnesse of spirit to seeke a meane
To dispossesse *Iohn* of his regiment.

Penbrooke Well hath my Lord of *Essex* tolde his tale,
Which I auer for most substanciall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I say that *Lewis* in chalenge of his wife,
Hath title of an vncontrouled plea
To all that longeth to our English Crowne.
Short tale to make, the Sea apostolick
Hath offered dispensation for the fault.

If any be, as trust me none I know
By planting *Lewes* in the Vsurpers rome:
This is the cause of all our presence heere,
That on the holie Altar we protest
To ayde the right of *Lewes* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in Armes for *England*.
What say you Lords?

Salsburie As *Pembrooke* sayth, affirmeth *Salsburie*,
Faire *Lewes* of *Fraunce* that spoused Lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncontrouled strength
To *England*, and what longeth to the Crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true informd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in Armes.
Our purpose to conclude that with a word,
Is to inuest him as we may deuise,
King of our Countrey in the tyrants stead:
And so the warrant on the Altar sworne,
And so the intent for which we hither came.

Bastard. My Lord of *Salsbury*, I cannot couch
My speeches with the needfull words of arte,
As doth beseeme in such a waightie worke,
But what my conscience and my dutie will
I purpose to impart.
For *Chesters* exile, blame his busie wit,
That medled where his dutie quite forbade:
For any priuate causes that you haue,
He thinke they should not mount to such a height,
As to depose a King in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death King *Iohn* was innocent,
He desperat was the deathsman to himselfe,
With you to make a colour to your crime iniustly do impute
But where fell traytorisme hath residence, (to his default,
There wants no words to set despight on worke.
I say tis shame, and worthy all reprofe,
To wrest such pettie wrongs in tearmes of right,
Against a King annoynted by the Lord.

Why

Why *Salsburie* admit the wrongs are true,
Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where sitteth he to whome reuenge belongs.
And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings?
What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,
But such as giue to man, and takes from God.
I speake it in the sight of God aboue,
Theres not a man that dyes in your beliefe,
But sels his soule perpetually to payne.
And *Lewes*, leaue God, kill *Iohn*, please hell,
Make hauock of the welfare of your soules,
For here I leaue you in the sight of heauen,
A troupe of traytors foode for hellish feends;
If you desist, then follow me as friends,
If not, then do your worst as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewes* his right alas tis to too lame,
A senseless claime, if truth be titles friend.
In briefe, if this be cause of our resort,
Our Pilgrimage is to the Deuils Shrine.
I came not Lords to troup as traytors do,
Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause:
Please you returne, wee go againe as friends,
If not, I to my King, and you where traytors please. Exit.

Percy A hote young man, and so my Lords proceed,
I let him go, and better lost then found.

Penbrooke What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,
Will you all with me sweare vpon the Aulter
That you wil to the death be aid to *Lewes*, & enemy to *Iohn*?
Euery man lay his hãd by mine, in witnes of his harts accord,
Well then, euery man to Armes to meete the King
Who is alreadie before *London*.

Messenger Enter.

Penbrooke What newes Harrold.

The right Christian Prince my Maister, *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, is at hand, comming to visit your Honors, directed hether by the right honorable *Richard* Earle of *Bigot*, to conferre with your Honors.

Penbrooke How néere is his Highnesse,

Messenger Ready to enter your presence.

Enter *Lewes*, Earle *Bigot*, with his troupe.

Lewes Faire Lords of *England*, *Lewes* salutes you all
As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale,
At whose request from plenty flowing *Fraunce*
Crossing the Ocean with a Southern gale,
He is in person come at your commaunds
To vndertake and gratifie withall
The fulnesse of your fauours proffred him.
But worlds braue men, omitting promises,
Till time be minister of more amends,
I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
Haue in their conduct safe with victorie,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,
With small repulse, and little crosse of chaunce.
Your Citie Rochester with great applause
By some deuine instinct layd armes aside;
And from the hollow holes of Thamesis
Eecho apace replide *Viue la roy*.
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To *Troynouant* your fayre *Metropolis*,
With luck came *Lewes* to shew his troupes of *Fraunce*,
Wauing our Ensignes with the dallying windes,
The fearefull obiect of fell frowning warre;
Where after some assault, and small defence,
Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compasse of their high built walles,
Geuing me title as it seemd they with.

Thus

Thus Fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnes
Meanes of content in lieu of former griefe:
And may I liue but to requite you all,
Worlds wish were mine in dying noted yours.

Salisbury Welcome the balme that closeth vp our wounds,
The soueraigne medcine for our quick recure,
The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as sheepe without their heard,
(Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)
We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
No meruaile then though with vnwonted ioy.
We welcome him that beateth woes away.

Lewes Thanks to you all of this religious league,
A holy knot of Catholique consent.
I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,
But like a stranger vnacquainted yet.
In generall I promise faithfull loue:
Lord *Bigot*, brought me to S. *Edmonds* Shrine,
Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,
That this assembly came deuoted heere,
To sweare according as your packets showd,
Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,
I néede not doubt the suretie of your wills;
Since well I know for many of your sakes
The townes haue yeelded on their owne accords:
Yet for a fashion, not for misbelieke,
My eyes must witnes, and these eares must heare
Your oath vpon the holy Altar sworne,
And after march to end our commings cause.

Salf. That we intend no other then good truth,
All that are present of this holy League,
For confirmation of our better truth,
In presence of his Highnes sweare with me,
The sequel that my selfe shal vtter heere.

I Thomas Plantaginet Earle of *Salisbury*, sweare vpon the Altar, and by the holy Armie of Saints, homage and alleagance to the right Christian Prince *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, as true and rightfull King to *England*, *Cornwall* and *Wales*, & to their Territories, in the defence whereof I vppon the holy Altare sweare all forwardnes. All the Eng. Lords sweare,

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we all.

Lewes I rest assured on your holy oath,
And on this Altar in like sort I sweare
Loue to you all, and Princely recompence
To guerdon your good wills vnto the full.
And since I am at this religious Shrine,
My good welwillers, giue vs leaue awhile
To vse some orisons our selues apart
To all the holy companie of heauen,
That they will smile vpon our purposes,
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Salsbury We leaue your Highnes to your good intent.

Exeunt Lords of *England*.

Lewes Now Vicount *Meloun*, what remaines behinde?
Trust me these traitors to their soueraigne State
Are not to be beléeude in any sort.

Meloun Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oaths,
And play the rebells gainst their native King,
Will for as little cause reuolt from you,
If euer opportunitie incite them so:
For once forswoorne, and neuer after sound,
There's no affiance after periurie.

Lewes Well *Meloun* well, lets smooth with them awhile,
Untill we haue asmuch as they can doo:
And when their vertue is exhaled dry,
I'l hang them for the guerdon of their help,
Meane while wee'l vse them as a precious poyson
To vndertake the issue of our hope.

Fr. Lord Tis policie (my Lord) to bait our hookes
With merry smiles, and promise of much waight:

But

But when your Highnes needeth them no more,
Tis good make sure work with them, least indeede
They prooue to you as to their naturall King.
Melun Trust me my Lord, right well haue you aduisde
Enemyes for vse, but neuer for a sport
Is to be dallyed with, least it infect.
Were you installd, as soone I hope you shall:
Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.
Lewes That so I meane, I sweare before you all
On this same Altar, and by heauens power,
Theres not an English traytor of them all,
Iohn once dispatcht, and I faire *Englands* King,
Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts desert:
Nor shall their heires enioy their Signories,
But perish by their parents fowle amisse.
This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come vnto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with mee.

The French Lords sweare.

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,
A smile of *France* will feed an English foole.
Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:
But in the hart like traytors as they are.

Enter the English Lords.

Now famous followers, chieftaines of the world,
Haue we sollicited with heartie prayer
The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
Leaue we this place, and march we with our power
To rowse the Tyrant from his chiefest hold:
And when our labours haue a prosprous end,
Each man shall reape the fruite of his desert.
And so resolude, braue followers let vs hence.

Enter

Enter K. *Iohn*, *Bastard*, *Pandulph*, and a many priests with them.

Thus *Iohn* thou art absolude from all thy sinnes,
And freed by order from our Fathers curse.
Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this prouiso,
That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome*.
Iohn I holde the same as tenaunt to the Pope,
And thanke your Holines for your kindnes showne.
Philip A proper iest, when Kings must stoop to Friers,
Neede hath no law, when Friers must be Kings.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Maiestie, the Prince of *Fraunce*,
With all the Nobles of your Graces Land,
Are marching hetherward in good aray.
Where ere they set their foote, all places yéld:
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out
But *Douer* Castle, which is hard besiegd.
Pandulph Feare not King *Iohn*, thy kingdome is ye popes,
And they shall know his Holines hath power,
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doo.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter *Lewes*, *Melun*, *Salisbury*, *Essex*, *Pembrooke*, and all the Nobles from *Fraunce*, and *England*.

Lewes *Pandulph*, as gaue his Holines in charge,
So hath the *Dolphin* mustred vp his troupes
And wonne the greatest part of all this Land.
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerse with *Iohn* that is accurst.

Pandulph

Pandulph *Lewes* of *France*, victorious Conqueror,
Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for fear;
Thy forwardnes to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shalbe remunerated to the full:
But know my Lord, K. *John* is now absolude,
The Pope is pleasde, the Land is blest agen,
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly returne to *Fraunce* againe:
For all is done the Pope would wish thée doo.

Lewes But als not done that *Lewes* came to do.
Why *Pandulph*, hath K. *Philip* sent his sonne
And been at such excessiue charge in warres,
To be dismist with words? K. *John* shall know,
England is mine, and he vsurps my right.

Pand. *Lewes*, I charge thee and thy complices
Upon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curse,
That thou withdraw thy powers to *Fraunce* againe,
And yeeld vp *London* and the neighbour Townes
That thou hast tane in *England* by the sword.

Melun Lord Cardinall, by *Lewes* princely leaue,
It can be nought but vsurpation
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of *Rome*,
Thus to insult on Kings of Christendome,
Now with a word to make them carie armes,
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.
This must not be: Prince *Lewes* keepe thine owne,
Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellyes full.

Bast. My Lord of *Melun*, what title had the Prince
To *England* and the Crowne of *Albion*,
But such a title as the Pope confirmde:
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,
Then must the *Dolphin* cease, sith he hath ceast:
But cease or no, it greatly matters not.
If you my Lords and Barrons of the Land

will

Will leane the French, and cleaue vnto your King.
For shame ye Peeres of *England*, suffer not
Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall:
But with resolued thoughts beate back the French,
And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

Salisbury *Philip*, not so, Lord *Lewes* is our King.
And we will follow him vnto the death.

Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curse the Prince and all that take his part.
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres
As traytors to the King, and to the Pope.

Lewes *Pandolph*, our swords shall blesse our selues agen:
Prepare thee *Iohn*, Lords follow me your King. *Exeunt.*

Iohn Accursed *Iohn*, the diuell owes thée shame,
Resisting *Rome*, or yeelding to the Pope, alls one.
The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and *Fraunce*:
Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest.

Pand. Comfort thy self K. *Iohn*, the Cardinall goes
Vpon his curse to make them leaue their armes. *Exit.*

Bastard Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardinall,
Betake your self to armes, my troupes are prest
To answere *Lewes* with a lusie shocke:
The English Archers haue their quiuers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pykes are prest to push:
God chére my Lord, K. *Richards* fortune hangs
Vpon the plume of warlike *Philips* helme.
Then let them know his brother and his sonne
Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.

Iohn *Philip* I know not how to answere thee:
But let vs hence, to answere *Lewes* pride.

Excursions. Enter *Meloun* with English Lords.

Mel. O I am slaine, Nobles, *Salsbury*, *Pembrooke*,
My soule is charged, heare me: for what I say
Concerues the Peeres of *England*, and their State.

Listen

Listen, brave Lords, a fearfull mourning tale
To be deliuered by a man of death.
Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Cyting this trunke to *Tellus* prison house;
Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth not an hower:
And fearfull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
Bids me giue Phisicke to a sickly soule.
O Peeres of *England*, knew you what you doo,
Theres but a haire that sunders you from harme,
The hooke is bayted, and the traine is made,
And simply you runne doating to your deaths.
But least I dye, and leaue my tale vntolde,
With silence slaughtering so braue a crew,
This I auerre, if *Lewes* win the day,
Theres not an Englishman that lifts his hand
Against King *Iohn* to plant the heire of *Fraunce*,
But is already damnd to cruell death.
I heard it vawd; my selfe amongst the rest
Swore on the Altar aid to this Edict.
Two causes Lords, makes me display this drift,
The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt:
The other on a naturall instinct,
For that my Grandsire was an Englishman.
Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,
No frenzie, nor no brainsick idle fit,
But well aduisde, and wotting what I say,
Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
That nothing is discourred but a truth.
Tis time to flie, submit your selues to *Iohn*,
The smiles of *Fraunce* shade in the frownes of death,
Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French,
Expell the yoke thats framed for your necks.
Back warmen, back, imbowell not the clyme,
Your seate, your nurse, your birth dayes breathing place,

That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.
Ah be not so ingrate to digge your Mothers graue,
Preserue your lambes and beate away the Wolfe.
My soule hath said, contritions penitence
Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne.
Farewell my Lords, witnes my faith when wee are met in
And for my kindnes giue me graue roome heere. (heauen,
My soule doth fleete, worlds vanities farewell.

Salf. Now fay betide thy soule well-meaning man.
How now my Lords, what cooling card is this,
A greater griefe growes now than earst hath been.
What counsell giue you, shall we stay and dye?
Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King.

Pemb. My hart misgaue this sad accursed newes:
What haue we done, fie Lords, what frenzie moued
Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of *Fraunce?*
If we perseuer, we are sure to dye:
If we desist, small hope againe of life.

Salsb. Beare hence the bodie of this wretched man,
That made vs wretched with his dying tale,
And stand not wayling on our present harmes,
As women wont: but seeke our harmes redresse.
As for my selfe, I will in hast be gon:
And kneele for pardon to our Souereigne *John.*

Pemb. I, theres the way, lets rather kneele to him,
Than to the French that would confound vs all. *Exeunt.*

Enter *King Iohn carried betweene 2. Lords.*

Iohn Set downe, set downe the load not worth your pain,
For done I am with deadly wounding griefe:
Sickly and succourles, hopeles of any good,
The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it:
It loaths I liue, I liue and loath my selfe.
Who pities me? to whom haue I been kinde?
But to a few; a few will pitie me.
Why dye I not? Death scornes so vilde a pray.

Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.
I sue to both to be retayned of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
Ymixt with death biding I wot not where.

Philip. How fares my Lord that he is carried thus,
Not all the aukward fortunes yet befalne,
Made such impression of lament in me.
Nor euer did my eye attaynt my heart
With any obiect mouing more remorse,
Than now beholding of a mighty King,
Borne by his Lords in such distressed state.

Iohn What news with thee, if bad, report it straite:
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

Phillip Such as it is, and heauie though it be
To glut the world with tragick elegies,
Once will I breath to agrauate the rest,
Another moane to make the measure full.
The brauest bowman had not yet sent forth
Two arrowes from the quiuer at his side,
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,
That *Iohn* was fled, the King had left the field.
At last the rumor scald these eares of mine,
Who rather chose as sacrifice for *Mars*,
Than ignominious scandall by retyre.
I cheerd the troupes as did the Prince of *Troy*
His weery followers gainst the Mirmidons,
Crying alowde S. *George*, the day is ours.
But feare had captiuated courage quite,
And like the Lamb before the greedie Wolfe,
So hartlesse fled our warmen from the feeld.
To hor tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
By this time night had shadowed all the earth,
With sable curteines of the blackest hue,
And kept vs from the fury of the French,

As *Io* from the ielous *Iunos* eye,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
Passing the washes with our carriages,
The impartiall tyde deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And swallowed vp the most of all our men,
My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well pacde,
Out stript the floods that followed waue by waue,
I so escapt to tell this tragick tale.

Iohn Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe,
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was euer any so infortunate,
The right Idea of a cursed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,
My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?
How farre to Swinsteed, tell me do you know,
Present vnto the Abbot word of my repaire.
My sicknesse rages, to tiraunize vpon me,
I cannot liue vnlesse this feuer leaue me.

Phillip. Good cheare my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
Behold my Lord the Churchmen come to meete you.

Enter the Abbot, and certayne Monks.

Abbot All health & happines to our soueraigne Lord the (King,

Iohn Nor health nor happines hath *Iohn* at all.
Say Abbot am I welcome to thy house.

Abbot Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,
Your Maiesty shalbe assured of.

Phillip The King thou seest is weake and very faint,
What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace.

Abbot God store my Lord, of that you neede not feare,
For Lincolneshire, and these our Abbey grounds
Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight.

Iohn *Phillip*, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,
Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,
As are the Abbeys throughout all the land,
If any plot of ground do passe another,

The

The Friers fatten on it freight:
But let vs in to taste of their repast,
It goes against my heart to feed with them,
Or be beholding to such Abbey groomes. Exeunt.

Manet the Monke.

Monk. Is this the King that neuer loud a Frier?
Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?
Is this the man that robs the holy Church,
And yet will flye vnto a Friar?
Is this the King that aymes at Abbeys lands?
Is this the man whome all the world abhorres,
And yet will flye vnto a Friar?
Accurst be Swinsted Abbey, Abbot, Friers,
Moncks, Nuns, and Clarks, and all that dwells therein,
If wicked *Iohn* escape aliue away.
Now if that thou wilt loke to merit heauen,
And be canonizd for a holy Saint:
To please the world with a deseruing worke,
Be thou the man to set thy cuntrey free,
And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot Why are not you within to cheare the King?
He now begins to mend, and will to meate.
Monk. What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe?
Abbot What at thy *mumpsimus?* away,
And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King.
Monk. Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knock him on the head.
Abbot Alas, what meanes this Monke to murther me?
Dare lay my life heel kill me for my place.
Monk. Ile poyson him, and it shall neare be knowne,
And then shall I be chiefest of my house.
Abbot If I were dead, indeed he is the next,
But ile away, for why the Monke is mad,
And in his madnesse he will murther me.

Monk. Why

Monk My L. I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you not.
Abbot Alas good *Thomas* do not murther me, and thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.
Monk I murther you, God sheeld from such a thought.
Abbot If thou wilt needes, yet let me say my prayers.
Monk I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord: but if you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to vs all.
Abbot Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke, say on.
Monk You know my Lord the King is in our house,
Abbot True.
Monk You know likewise the King abhors a Frier,
Abbot True.
Monk And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy.
Abbot Thou sayst true.
Monk Then the King is our enemy.
Abbot True.
Monk Why then should we not kil our enemy, & the King being our enemy, why then should we not kill the King.
Abbot O blessed Monke, I see God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants slauery.
But who dare venter for to do this deede?
Monk Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deede,
Ile free my Countrey and the Church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a King.
Abbot *Thomas* kneele downe, and if thou art resolude,
I will absolue thee heere from all thy sinnes,
For why the deede is meritorious.
Forward and feare not man, for euery month,
Our Friers shall sing a Masse for *Thomas* soule.
Monk God and S. *Francis* prosper my attempt,
For now my Lord I goe about my worke. Exeunt.
Enter *Lewes* and his armie.
Lewes Thus victory in bloudy Lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of young *Lodowicke*,
The Englishmen as daunted at our sight,

Fall

Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes.
Only two crosses of contrary change
Do nip my heart, and vexe me with vnrest.
Lord *Melons* death, the one part of my soule,
A brauer man did neuer liue in *Fraunce*.
The other griefe, I thats a gall in deede,
To thinke that *Douer* Castell should hold out
Gainst all assaults, and rest impregnable.
Yee warlike race of *Francus Hectors* sonne,
Triumph in conquest of that tyrant *Iohn*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne,
And towards the conquest of the other part,
We haue the face of all the English Lords,
What then remaines but ouerrun the land.
Be resolute my warlike followers,
And if good fortune serue as she begins,
The poorest peasant of the Realme of *Fraunce*
Shall be a maister ore an English Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

Lewes Fellow what newes.

Messen. Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of *Salsbury*, *Penbroke*, *Essex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the Barons that did fight for thee, are on a suddeine fled with all their powers, to ioyne with *Iohn*, to driue thee back againe.

Enter another Messenger.

Messen. *Lewes* my Lord why standst thou in a maze,
Gather thy troups, hope out of help from *Fraunce*,
For all thy forces being fiftie sayle,
Conteyning twenty thousand souldyers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting from *Callis* in vnluckie time,
Did crosse the seas, and on the *Goodwin* sands,
The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another Messenger.

Lewes More newes? say on.

Messen. *Iohn* (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
As *Pharaoh* earst within the bloody sea,
So he and his enuironed with the tyde,
On *Lincolne* washes all were ouerwhelmed,
The Barons fled, our forces cast away.

Lewes Was euer heard such vnexpected newes?

Messenger Yet *Lodowike* reuiue thy dying heart,
King *Iohn* and all his forces are consumde,
The lesse thou needst the aid of English Earles,
The lesse thou needst to grieue thy Nauies wracke,
And follow tymes aduantage with successe.

Lewes Braue *Frenchmen* armde with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewes* who will leade you on
To chase the Barons power that wants a head,
For *Iohn* is drownd, and I am *Englands* King.
Though our munition and our men be lost,
Phillip of *France* will send vs fresh supplyes. Exeunt.

Enter two Friers laying a Cloth.

Frier Dispatch, dispatch, the King desires to eate,
Would a might eate his last for the loue hee beares to Churchmen.

Frier I ate of thy minde to, and so it should be and we might be our owne caruers.
I meruaile why they dine heere in the Orchard.

Frier I know not, nor I care not. The King coms.

Iohn Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?

Abbot Pleaseth your Grace sit downe.

Iohn Take your places sirs, no pomp in peaury, all beggers and friends may come, where necessitie keepes the house, curtesie is bard the table, sit downe *Phillip*.

Bast. My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to ye proverb honors change manners: a King is a King, though fortune do her worst, and we as dutifull in despight of her frowne, as if your highnesse were now in the highest type of dignitie.

Iohn Come, no more ado, and you tell me much of dignitie, poule mar my appetite in a surfet of sorrow.

What

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks you frowne like an host that knowes his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abbot No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your Maiesty.

Bastard I thinke rather my Lord Abbot you remember my last being heere, when I went in progresse for pouitches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me.

Abbot Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower of his maiesty, are hartely welcome to me.

Monke Wassell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may say, welcome to Swinked.

Iohn Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a King.

Monk As much helth to your highnes, as to my own hart.

Iohn I pledge thee kinde Monke.

Monke The meriest draught ꝑ euer was drunk in *Englād*. Am I not too bold with your Highnesse.

Iohn Not a whit, all friends and fellowes for a time.

Monke If the inwards of a Toad be a compound of any proofe: why so it works.

Iohn Stay *Phillip* wheres the Monke?

Bastard He is dead my Lord.

Iohn Then drinke not *Phillip* for a world of wealth.

Bast. What cheere my Liege, your collor gins to change.

Iohn So doth my life, O *Phillip* I am poysond.
The Monke, the Deuill, the poyson gins to rage,
It will depose my selfe a King from raigne.

Bastard This Abbot hath an interest in this act.
At all aduentures take thou that from me.
There lye the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Deuill.
March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell.
How fares my Lord?

Iohn *Phillip* some drinke, oh for the frozen Alps,
To tumble on and cole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace seuenfold hote.

To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
Power after power forsake their proper power,
Only the hart impugnes with faint resist
The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings,
Help God, O payne, dye *Iohn*, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grieuous sinnes.
Phillip a chayre, and by and by a graue,
My leggs disdaine the carriage of a King.

Bastard. A good my Lege with patience conquer griefe,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

Iohn Me thinks I see a cattalogue of sinne
Wrote by a fiend in Marble characters,
The least enough to loose my part in heauen.
Me thinks the Deuill whispers in mine eares
And tels me tis in vayne to hope for grace,
I must be damnd for *Arthurs* sodaine death,
I see I see a thousand thousand men
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none so mercifull a God
That will forgiue the number of my sinnes.
How haue I liud, but by anothers losse?
What haue I loud but wrack of others weale?
When haue I vowd, and not infringd mine oath?
Where haue I done a deede deseruing well?
How, what, when, and where, haue I bestowd a day
That tended not to some notorious ill.
My life repleat with rage and tyranie,
Craues little pittie for so strange a death.
Or who will say that *Iohn* disceasd too soone,
Who will not say he rather liud too long.
Dishonor did attaynt me in my life,
And shame attendeth *Iohn* vnto his death.
Why did I scape the fury of the French,
And dyde not by the temper of their swords?
Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
Scorned by my foes, disdained of my friends.

Bastard.

Bastard Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.
Iohn My tongue doth falter: *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *Iohn* did yeeld vnto the Priest of *Rome*,
Nor he nor his haue prospred on the earth:
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
But in the spirit I cry vnto my God,
As did the Kingly Prophet *Dauid* cry,
(Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he shall buyld the Lords house,
Or rote these Locusts from the face of earth:
But if my dying heart deceaue me not,
From out these loynes shall spring a Kingly braunch
Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of *Rome*,
And with his feete treads downe the Strumpets pride,
That sits vpon the chaire of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,
And in the faith of Iesu *Iohn* doth dye.
Bastard See how he striues for life, vnhappy Lord,
Whose bowells are deuided in themselues.
This is the fruite of Poperie, when true Kings
Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and Friers.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,
Which all this while bare armes against the King,
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
Together with the Prince his Highnes Sonne,
Doo craue to be admitted to the presence of the King.
Bastard Your Sonne my Lord, yong *Henry* craues to see
Your Maiestie, and brings with him beside
The Barons that reuolted from your Grace.
O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
His speech doth faile: lift vp your selfe my Lord,

And sée the Prince to comfort you in death.

Enter *Pandulph*, yong *Henry*, the Barons with daggers in their hands.

Prince O let me see my Father ere he dye:
O Unckle were you here, and suffered him
To be thus poysned by a damned Monke.
Ah he is dead, Father sweete Father speake.
Bastard His speach doth faile, he hasteth to his end.
Pandulph Lords, giue me leaue to ioy the dying King,
With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp
Their liues for ransome of their fowle offence.
Then good my Lord, if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.
Salisbury We humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And vow to fight for *England* and her King:
And in the sight of *Iohn* our soueraigne Lord,
In spight of *Lewes* and the power of *Fraunce*
Who hetherward are marching in all haste,
We crowne yong *Henry* in his Fathers stead.
Henry Help, help, he dyes, a Father, looke on me.
Legat K. *Iohn* farewell: in token of thy faith,
And signe thou dyest the seruant of the Lord,
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnes here
Thou dyedst the seruant of our Sauiour Christ.
Now ioy betide thy soule: what noyse is this?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hetherward
With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie standeth at a gaze
Expecting what their Leaders will commaund.
Bastard Lets arme our selues in yong K. *Henries* right,

And

And beate the power of *Fraunce* to sea againe.
Legat *Philip* not so, but I will to the Prince,
And bring him face to face to parle with you.
Bastard Lord *Salsbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
So shall we bring these troubles to an ende.
King Sweete Uncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,
Let not a stone of *Swinsted* Abbey stand,
But pull the house about the Friers eares:
For they haue kilde my Father and my King. Exeunt.

A parle sounded, *Lewes*, *Pandulph*, *Salsbury*, *&c.*

Pandulph *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry Englands* King
Requires to know the reason of the claime
That thou canst make to any thing of his.
King *Iohn* that did offend is dead and gone,
See where his breathles trunke in presence lyes,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now succeeded in his Fathers roome.
Henry *Lewes*, what law of Armes doth lead thee thus,
To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
Answere in fine if thou wilt take a peace,
And make surrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of sword?
I tell thee Dolphin, *Henry* feares thee not,
For now the Barons cleaue vnto their King,
And what thou hast in *England* they did get.
Lewes *Henry* of *England*, now that *Iohn* is dead,
That was the chiefest enemie to *Fraunce*,
I may the rather be induede to peace.
But *Salsbury*, and you Barons of the Realme,
This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Bury* Altare lately sware.
Salsbury Nay did the oath your Highnes there did take
Agree with honour of the Prince of *Fraunce*.
Bastard My Lord, what answere make you to the King.

Dolphin Faith *Philip* this I say: It bootes not me,
Nor any Prince, nor power of Christendome
To seeke to win this Iland *Albion*,
Unles he haue a partie in the Realme
By treason for to help him in his warres.
The Peeres which were the partie on my side,
Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the Realme.
Henry On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?
Lewes That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice.
Bastard Then Kings & Princes, let these broils haue end,
And at more leasure talke vpon the League.
Meane while to *Worster* let vs beare the King,
And there interre his bodie, as beseemes.
But first, in sight of *Lewes* heire of *Fraunce*,
Lords take the crowne, and set it on his head,
That by succession is our lawfull King.

They crowne yong Henry.

Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henryes* Raigne,
And bloody warres are closde with happie league.
Let *England* liue but true within it selfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her State.
Lewes, thou shalt be brauely shipt to *France*,
For neuer Frenchman got of English ground
The twentith part that thou hast conquered.
Dolphin thy hand, to *Worster* we will march,
Lords all lay hands to beare your Soueraigne
With obsequies of honor to his graue:
If *Englands* Peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor Pope, nor *Fraunce*, nor *Spaine* can doo them wrong.

FINIS.